

## The Goordian Angel Speakin' Easy

O waddya doon Mr Mcnmr wen ya shude we werkin? like the restthe hoominrace, Iaskya? And wheerdya thinkitllall getya? allthis carryin'on wit werds? Doncha no that jimmijs wus subsidised, he wuz, til his last undyin day? and eecummins thatother heroofyuz, how muchti ivver make? in munny I mean now? Why doncha pull&push th kommonwheel like all the rest? or a tleast feel guilty in yer play? Yer sitting a bad x-ample man! getting up late noons now whatwill the yunger gennerashun be doon later? why doncha getta job man carrying the hod, at least, or lurn to bake bread or teach -- ya gotcha deg rees and suchlike.

Yr suchha strange dook McNamr, ya sit ther and grinnn at me wen I konfrontya with all this. It's me, yr knowing konsence speakin' atcha, the guy within ya, yr goordyin aingle, sent doon by Hoooley Gud, himself, to watchout for yr blssed sool. 'Tis the spyrit of GraaandOleErin, herself, speakin' throo me, a generashun of proud bricklayers and hool i gans and, notta menshun immy grants acummin here by lastclass steerage like yr mither did, now. For what? Iask? So that the likes of you can speand yr days playin with werds like thatfellow Joice? Sure now you've better tings to do here in th dreamedO land.

I answer:

Away! Away!!! you wiggy figgymment of my kursed imagination! A fye of you, you leftover of myrical mysts and mythrical mysteries. 'Tis the Laaand of Freedom we're in and don't you forget it, you rebuilt banshee. Go wail! now withya. See if I care, go lastclass back to the other side. Leaveme alone so I can be back to me werk. I ask ya: are these werds not like (even) bricks, and is not the communing of my (even) deminted thoughts and singings to the jener ations here/and/naw and yet to come, is not the p o i n t i n g out of varyus joies, the syngeing of songs, the appurchiation of daies and the settin down O' all this for the delectashun of all and sun-&satdry (not to menshun weakdry) a fittin' kontribulation to the resoosatahun of the deprossessed&depress'd hoomin' race? For twere it not for the Brasshopper wud t'Ant ave had the wearywidall to do the storein' up job Iaskya. Gud save. The minneSingers. as wellas the fukkin others. as well as the doorty werkmen!

-- Tom McNamara

NYC - O singasonga jimmiejoi  
a pockie fulla wry  
4 + 20 meanins  
Packed inna werd ....